

was mighty enough to supplant this one material fact of unlimited power and glory and wealth? Yet all this vast concretion of empire and intellectual culture stopped this side the grave. That was its fatal limitation, and that would have been the still more fatal and futile limitation of any merely human system seeking to supplant these age-old trusts and confidences of the Gentile mind. But all this old world perished under the stupendous impact of the resurrection. Besides that there was nothing else in the world worthy of the soul's trust. Philosophies, empires, armies, civilizations, were as the chaff which the wind bloweth away. To Him who rose from the dead comes the trust and the love of those who pant for the true immortality. For him they joyfully sacrifice all things. Love and Power, Power and Love, have created a new heaven and a new earth, and of the One who wrought this miracle of history Paul truly said, "In him shall the Gentiles trust."

The Wisdom of Experience

"I see your point," said the boy to the belligerent wasp. Experience had made him wise. He had seen that point before, and felt its force. It is not difficult to make a man wise in material matters. A burnt child remembers the fire. One contact with a wasp is sufficient for the boy. A farmer will not often sow an unprofitable crop, or deal with a merchant who has cheated him. Yet this same farmer, man, boy, will return again and again to the sin that stings and poisons and cheats his soul. Again and again will they sow sin, tho it was never known to bring forth anything but a crop of trouble and loss. The drunkard returns to the bottle that damns him, the gambler to the table that ruins him, the libertine to his lust, the dog to his vomit, the sow to her wallowing in the mire. No business enterprise could survive a thousandth part of the damning record that sin has written in the history of the world. Yet sin survives and flourishes, filling the world with ruin and woe. What a mystery all this is. How does it happen that in this one matter only, men seem to be incapable of learning anything by experience? If the theory of natural depravity is not true, if sin is not bred in the bone, how could it possibly survive its own record?

A Broad Warning

"People who wear cotton in their ears should not walk on the railroad tracks. Neither should people who don't wear cotton in their ears." This from an exchange is not at all unprofitable to a seeker after wisdom, such as we know our readers to be. A man who stuffs cotton in his ears is deaf by his own volition. There are many such, but they do not all use cotton. It is really not necessary to use anything. Every Sabbath every preacher looks down from his pulpit upon people whom he knows are wilfully deaf to the appeals and warnings it is his business to utter. Having ears they hear not. A perverse will stands guard there. Now these people with plugged ears are in the habit of walking in perilous places. He who makes himself deaf to the voice of Wisdom will not be able to hear the thunder of approaching destruction until it is too late.

We knew an old gentleman, almost totally deaf, who started to walk a short distance on the railroad track to the house of a friend. Before he was half way, a fast train rushed upon him from behind, unheard and unseen, and in a moment he was in eternity. Reflection, which is but a method of Wisdom, would have told him that it was madness for a man in his condition to walk the railroad track. Sin is the railroad track of destruction. Who is wilfully deaf should not walk that track. No less is the peril of the man who hears, yet does not heed. All evangelists, teachers and preachers should study with profound attention these two characteristics of human nature. How shall we open the deaf ears? or how shall we cause those to heed who hear? The gospel message and the divine warnings seem to sound only into the air. How shall we make men as alert in matters of the soul as in matters of business? How shall we persuade even the church to invest as cheerfully and liberally in education and missions as in bank stocks at eight per. cent? These are earnest problems and need serious and patient study. All are not deaf. There are some that hear. Blessed are they. The "well done" greeting awaits them over on the other side.

Up and Down

There are some very interesting things in this world for the philosophical mind to contemplate. Take for instance the fluctuating fortunes of men. Viewed broadly it merely seems to be a play of up and down, up and down, like the heddles of a loom, one rising because the other falls, and falling because the other rises. Funston goes up like a rocket, Aguinaldo goes down like a stick. Roberts climbs to fame by stepping on the prostrate form of Cronje. Kitchener comes up because De Wet goes down. Napoleon builds his empire upon the ruins of Europe, and in his turn goes down beneath the rising genius and fortune of Wellington. The same phenomenon is daily seen in the business world. One grows rich by making many others poorer. My fortune is built upon the ruins of my neighbor's. The misfortune that compels him to sell at a loss enables me to buy at a profit. So patent and common place has this become, and so much has it dulled the moral sense of the world, that we actually scheme, form plans, lay traps, all within the law of course, by which the misfortune of our neighbor may be hastened to the door of our opportunity. And so it goes thru-out all the ramifications of society, one goes up because another goes down, one goes down because another goes up, like the heddles of a loom. But there is a plan in that loom, and all this fluctuating motion is weaving out a pattern, stroke by stroke, thread added to thread, slowly, patiently, a hidden force moving those heddles, a cunning hand putting in the woof. Thus little by little that pattern is woven out, until it is finished, and when it is finished we see how all that went before is justified, the monotonous play of the shuttles, the weary up and down of heddles, the stern beating of the weft.

We must know that the hand of Infinite Wisdom is on this loom of the world, and that it is weaving out a pattern which will one day reveal the meaning of these weary and monotonous and tragical ups and downs in the sorrowful ex-